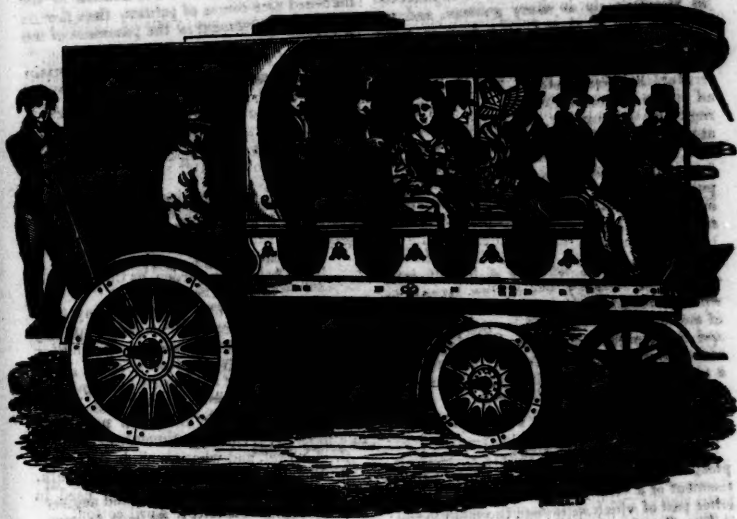


## LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1836**

**Printer's Id.**



"MR. HAWCOCK," it has been justly remarked, "is now the only engineer with a Steam-carriage on any road. Sir Charles Dance, Colonel Maceroni, Dr. Church, Messrs. Ogle, Summers, Squire, Russell, Redmond, Heaton, Maudsley, Fraser, and a host of others—where are they? Echo answers 'Where?' "

In a letter to the *Mechanics' Magazine*, the inventor states the difference between this and his previous carriages, to be in the engines of the *Automaton* being of greater power, having cylinders of twelve inches diameter, whilst those of the others are nine inches: the *Automaton* is also of larger dimensions than its predecessors, it having seats for 22, while they are only calculated for 14 passengers. It is an open carriage; it has carried 30 passengers at once, and had then surplus power to draw an omnibus or other carriage, containing 18 more passengers, without any material diminution of speed.

Its general rate of travelling is from 12 to 15 miles per hour : on one occasion, when put upon the top of its speed, and loaded with 20 full-grown persons, it performed a mile on the Bow road, at the rate of 21 miles per hour. On the day of proving, or first starting this carriage, in July last, it conveyed a party to Romford and back, at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour, without the least interruption or deviation in its working.

Mr. Hancock then gives the following return of the actual work done by his steam-carriages, on the public roads and streets of the metropolis during five months:—

The miles run, about	4,900
Passengers carried	12,761
Trips: City to Ilington and back	500
Paddington	143
Stratford	44

Supposing the Carriage had always been full,  
the passengers conveyed would have been, 20,490  
Average time the Carriage has run each day:  
5 hours, 17 minutes and a half.

This Carriage has gone through the City several times; and in one of the morning trips from Stratford to the Bank, it became entangled with a wagon at Aldgate, this being the only accident worth recording.

There have been consumed in the above-

mentioned traffic, 55 chaldrons of coke, which are equal to 76 miles per chaldron, or about 2½d. per mile for fuel; but this, on long journeys would be much reduced, by the application of the movable fireplace, patented by Mr. Hancock; for his greatest expenditure of coke in these short journeys is in lowering and again raising the fire.

Mr. Hancock concludes his letter by observing: "Years of practice have now put all doubts of the economy, safety, and superiority of steam travelling on common roads at rest, when compared with horse travelling; and I have now in preparation calculations founded upon actual practice, which, when published, will prove that steam locomotion on common roads is not unworthy the attention of the capitalist, though the reverse has been disseminated rather widely of late by parties who do not desire that this branch of improvement should prosper against the interests of themselves."

### CHARADES, &c. FOR CHRISTMAS.

#### FLORAL.

1. **WHATEVER** coin you please?—Any money, Anemone.
2. A woman's name, a soft and elastic preserve, and a kind of dog?—Ann-jelly-eur, Angelica.
3. A dance of many persons, and Samuel cut short?—Ball-Sam, Balsam.
4. Night's opposite, and the main ocean?—Day-sea, Daisy.
5. A wager, and an insect's produce?—Bet-honey, Betony.
6. An insect's produce, and a nurse's commission?—Honey-suckle.
7. The goddess of beauty, and what most ladies spend too much time at?—Venus's looking-glass.
8. The opposite of bitter, and the conqueror of England?—Sweet-William.
9. The largest city in England, and a too common fault?—London-pride.
10. An entomologist?—A Fly-catcher.
11. A celebrated grammarian?—Lilly.
12. A splendid bird, and the organ of vision?—Pheasant's eye.
13. To catch at hastily, and a northern constellation?—Snap-dragon.
14. Samuel cut short, and a burning element?—Samphire.
15. A bird, and half a pot?—Cuckoo-pint.
16. A smokey anti-reformer?—Fumitory.
17. The second person in Latin, and the seat of salutation?—Tu-lip.
18. A vain person?—Coxcomb.
19. A musical instrument, and the beginning of eternity?—Viol-et.
20. A game at cards, and a stately tree?—(Loo) Lu-pine.

21. A king's son, and the plumes of a bird?—Prince's feather.

22. What a lady should never get into, and the dust of a mill?—Passion-flower.

23. The name of a virgin, and a miser's idol?—Mari-gold.

24. Righteous, and valuable timber?—Holy-oak.

25. The wealth of a merchant?—Stock.

26. A dangerous place at sea, and a Latin conjunction?—Rock-et.

27. A part of the Grand Signior's dress?—Turk's-cap.

28. My first oft preys upon my second,

My whole a bitter shrub is reckon'd.  
Worm-wood.

29. My herald first proclaims th' approach of morn,

My goading next is by the horsemen worn;

Search but the garden, or the gay parterre,

And ten to one you'll find my total there.—Lark-spur.

30. A young female in a strong wind?—Girl in gale, Galingale.

#### HORTICULTURAL ENIGMAS, &c.

1. A snappish dog, and what people do in a passion?—Cur-rant.
2. A vowel, and what we all do?—O-live.
3. Four-fifths of the name of a month, and one-half of an article much used in needle-work?—Apri-cot, April cotton.
4. An officious fellow?—Medlar.
5. The latter part of what a rogue does to save his neck?—Impeach—Peach.
6. The best part of all, and what a Frenchman calls the world?—Al-mond.
7. What a Frenchman calls an apple, and a kind of stone?—Pome-granate.
8. A party of plumbers cut short?—Plums.
9. Trouble dispelled?—Care away, Cara-way.
10. Fresh and salt fish?—Cod-ling.
11. A bacchanalian's delight and the pride of a garden-wall?—Grape-vine.
12. An exclamation and to wander about?—O-range.
13. A man's pigtail, a tree, and the latter part of a prince?—Quince.—(cue, Q.—yew, U.—ince.)
14. Part of a river and what Sandy calls a man?—Le-moon.
15. A bird's disorder and what ladies cannot dispense with?—Pip-pin.
16. An exclamation and a male child?—Ho-boy.
17. A horse's bed and the general name for small fruits?—Straw-berry.
18. Fine muslin and the general name for small fruits?—Mul-berry.
19. What bakers use and the general name for small fruits?—Rasp-berry.

20. A negro's title and the general name for small fruits?—Black-berry.

21. Susanna's persecutors and the general name for small fruits?—Elder-berry.

22. William's other name and the general name for small fruits?—Bil-berry.

23. The queen of the alphabet, what curious people do, and a poor man's house?—A-pri-cot.

24. An era of cabriolets?—A Cab age.—Cabbage.

25.—A father's bite?—Pa's nip.—Parsnip.

26. The infernal regions and a troublesome fellow?—Hell a bore.—Hellebore.

27. What the Temperance Society bids us do.—Gin shun.—Gentian.

28. Harlequin's mistress?—Columbine.

29. A flower of Venice and a former queen of England?—Rose-mary.

30. What stays for no man?—Time.

31. A terrestrial ball and the arms of Scotland?—Globe-thistle.

32. Emblem of sleep from Holland.—Dutch poppy.

33. A beautiful colour?—Pink.

34. The support of a dairy and a false step?—Cow-slip.

35. My first is an useful animal, my second is a root, and my whole is a root?—Horse-radish.

36. My first in fruit is seldom rare,  
My second all relations are,  
My whole is only earthenware?

Pip-kin.  
J. H. F.

### The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

#### Popular Zoology.

(Concluded from page 391.)

*Notes of the Wild Swan*, (p. 359).—"The song of the swan is irreconcilable with sober belief, the only noise of the wild swan of our times being unmelodious and an unpleasant monotony."

So says our author; but yet its loud, sharp notes, uttered whilst the bird is flying high above, are generally regarded as very agreeable. "It was from this species alone that the ancients derived the fable of the swan's being endowed with the powers of melody. Embracing the Pythagorean doctrine, they made the body of this bird the mansion of the souls of departed poets; and then attributed to the birds the same faculty of harmony which they had possessed in a pre-existent state."—(*Natural Historian*, ii., p. 70.) The notes are compared by the Icelanders to the notes of a violin; but, perhaps, this complimentary simile is induced from the pleasure with which they are heard by a

people who well know that they are the welcome heralds of a speedy dissolution of their impassable mountains of ice. The Abbé Arnaud compares them to the sound of a clarinet winded by a person unacquainted with the instrument. Mr. Bennet says, he has frequently, on fine, summer evenings, listened to the wild swans that are kept in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, and he adds, that he could not but concur with Hearn in pronouncing the noise they made to be "not very unlike that of a French horn, but entirely divested of every note that constitutes melody." M. Bomare compares the sound to that of two small, children's trumpets, and declares that he who says it is melodious, is like the blind man of Cheselden, who could only, form any idea of scarlet by the impression his mind received from the sound of a trumpet. That the bird, however, should produce notes like those of either the violin, clarinet, French horn, or a child's trumpet, becomes less extraordinary when we learn from Aldrovand, that one part of the trachea is contorted in such a manner as to imitate the shape of a trumpet, and another part that of a trombone.

*Pike attacking Birds*, &c., (p. 380).—"A few years ago, a very fine swan was drowned in Trentham Pool, the seat of the Marquis of Stafford, by a pike driving at its bill: they were of equal strength; and both swan and pike perished."

We suppose this alludes to the following account which Dr. Plot wrote, on good authority, in Pennant's copy of the Doctor's *History of Staffordshire*, at p. 244, and transferred from thence to the *British Zoology*, vol. iii., p. 271:—"At Lord Gower's canal, at Trentham, a pike seized the head of a swan as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them both. The servants perceiving the swan with its head under water for a longer time than usual, took the boat and found both swan and pike dead."

"A correspondent of the *Leamington Courier* says, that the other day, while shooting in the neighbourhood of Coventry, in passing a large pond, his attention was aroused by a great noise in the water; and he saw a heron struggling with something below the water; the claws of the heron were stuck quite fast in the back of an immense pike, which was carrying the heron about the pond in spite of her utmost endeavours to free herself. Having a double-barrel gun, he fired first one barrel at the heron, immediately after the other at the pike, and killed them both instantly! The pike weighed thirty-five pounds and a half."—(*Morning Herald*, Nov. 27, 1833)

Montagu states that the pike, (*Esox lucius*), has been known to swallow a full-grown gallinule, (*Gallinula chloropus*.)

"Gesner tells us of a mule that stopped to drink in the water, when a famished pike, that was near, seized it by the nose; nor was it disengaged till the beast flung it on shore."—(*Natural Historian*, ii., 182.)

As we have mentioned above a pike attacking a swan, we may be excused introducing an instance of

*A Swan attacking a Fawn*.—"At Womersh, near Guildford, a fawn was drinking in the lake, when one of the swans suddenly flew upon it, and pulled the poor animal into the water, where it held it under till it was drowned. This act of atrocity was noticed by the other deer in the park, and they took care to revenge it the first opportunity. A few days after, this swan happening to be on land, was surrounded and attacked by the whole herd, and presently killed. Before this time they were never known to molest the swans."—(*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrapeds*, p. 535.)

*Gambia Goose*, (*Anser Gambensis*).—"This is a native of northern and western Africa, and is of the size of a common goose: its wings on the bend have a large spur, which is sometimes doubled, but can only be seen when the wings are expanded."—(P. 368.)

In a recent number of the *Athenæum*, it is stated that, "a new section has been formed in the sub-genus *Anas*, by M. de la Fresnaye, having for its type the Gambia goose, or the goose with a double spur. Baron Cuvier had already observed that, in the genus *Anas*, there were some birds, who, to the beak of a duck, joined legs higher than those of a goose, and who perched and built their nests upon trees, having, however, only seen them after being stuffed, and not having been able to get information respecting their habits, he did not separate them from the rest. It is now known that the Gambia goose is much more slender, and rises higher from the ground, than a swan, a goose, or a duck; it perches on trees, is a courageous and even fierce bird, and, when irritated, it opens its wings, and strikes with its spurs. When it swims, the shortness of its sternum in front, joined to the length of its legs, forces it to plunge the fore part of the body and the base of the neck deep into the water, so that the water flows over its back. The beak is flattened and spatula-shaped, like that of the duck or swan; it does not graze like the goose, but seeks the banks and shallow parts of rivers or ponds, where it delights in dabbling like a duck. It is neither swan, goose, nor duck, but approaches nearest to the duck; its feet are semi-palmated. M. de la Fresnaye proposes to call this section *Canards Echassiers*, or *Anatigralka*, and to place it at the head of the *Palmipedes*, after the flamingos and avocets."

*Birds killed by flying against lighthouses*, (p. 371).—"On February 9, 1832, a large herring-gull, (*Larus argentatus*), struck one of the mullions of the Bell-rock Lighthouse with such force, that two of the polished plates of glass, measuring about two feet square, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, were shattered to pieces, and scattered over the floor in a thousand atoms, to the great alarm of the keeper on watch, and the other inmates of the house, who rushed instantly to the light-room. The gull was found to measure five feet between the tips of the wings. In his gullet was a large herring, and in his throat a piece of plate-glass of about one inch in length."

To this instance we shall append the following:—There is in the British Museum, a specimen of, we believe, a wild duck, which flew against a lighthouse, and broke a very thick pane of plate-glass, the fragments of which are exhibited beside it.

The *Morning Chronicle* of November 23, (1832 or 1833, we are not sure which,) states on the authority of the *Edinburgh Evening Courier*, that "during a thick fog, one night last week, a flight of starlings, attracted, it is supposed, by the brilliancy of the new light on the Gildereess, flew against the plate-glass of the lighthouse with such force, that about five of them were found dead next morning."

"A captain Douglas informed me," says Wilson, "that on his voyage from Saint Domingo to Philadelphia, and more than a hundred miles from the Cape of the Delaware, one night the man at the helm was alarmed by a sudden crash on deck that broke the glass in the binnacle, and put out the light. On examining the cause, three rails were found on deck, two of which were killed on the spot, and the other died soon after."—(*American Ornithology*.)

*Longevity of the Tortoise*, (p. 386).—"A tortoise introduced into the Archbishop's Garden at Lambeth, in the time of Archbishop Laud, and, as near as can be collected from its history, about the year 1633, continued to live there till the year 1753, when it was supposed to have perished rather from neglect on the part of the gardener, than from the mere effect of age. This tortoise is mentioned by Derham, and its shell is preserved in the Library of the Palace, at Lambeth. It appears to have exceeded the usual dimensions of its species, the shell measuring ten inches in length, and six and a half in breadth."

The statements of writers differ as to the age of this celebrated tortoise. According to the above data, it must have died at the age of 120.

Derham, in his copy of the work entitled, *Memoirs for the Natural History of Animals*, from the French Academy, wrote this

note:—"I imagine land-tortoises, when arrived at a certain pitch, cease growing; for that I saw, August 11, 1712, in my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury's garden, which had been there ever since Archbishop Juxon's time, and is accounted to be above sixty years old, was of the same size I have seen others of, which were much younger."

If it could only be said to be but above sixty years in 1712, it would seem that it was only above 101. In the article on the *Longevity of Animals*, published in our pages, (p. 183,) it is said to have died at the age of 107. Is there no way of ascertaining what was its actual age? Do no documents exist at Lambeth which might decide the question?

*A doubtful species of Tortoise.*—"Captain Porter, of the American frigate, the *Essex*, in his narrative of a *Voyage in the South Sea*, (London edition, 1823,) describes the tortoise of the Gallipagos, which, he says, properly deserves the name of elephant tortoise. "Many of these tortoises weigh upwards of three hundred weight. Their motion resembles strongly that of an elephant; their steps slow, regular, and heavy: they carry their body about a foot from the ground, and their legs and feet bear no slight resemblance to those of the elephant: their neck is from eighteen inches to two feet in length, and very slender; the head is proportioned to it, and strongly resembles that of a serpent. But what seems the most extraordinary in this animal is the length of time that it can exist without food; for I have been well assured that they have been piled away among casks in the hold of a ship, where they have been kept eighteen months, and when killed at the expiration of that time, were found to have suffered no diminution in fatness or excellence. They are very restless when exposed to the light and heat of the sun, but will lie in the dark from one year's end to another without moving. In the daytime, they are remarkably quicksighted and timid, drawing their head into their shell on the slightest motion of any object; but they are entirely destitute of hearing, as the loudest noise, even the firing of a gun, does not seem to alarm them." We confess we cannot trace the identity of this species with the Indian tortoise, (*Testudo Indica*), in the Zoological Gardens.

If the tortoise above noticed by Captain Porter be a distinct species and known to naturalists, it may, perhaps, be found figured and described in that splendid and scientific work, Bell's *Monograph of the Testudinata*.

*Inoffensiveness of Alligators and Crocodiles*, (p. 380).—"Dampier experienced how inoffensive is this class of animals. When in the Bay of Campeachy, as he passed through a swamp, he stumbled over an alligator. He called loudly for assistance, but

his companions ran away. Recovering himself, he fell over another, and again over a third; but they did not molest him. He says he never knew them attack a man, but he often saw them run away from his sailors."

For further testimony of the inoffensiveness of these creatures, see Monro's interesting *Ramble in Syria*, or the *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., p. 186. J. H. F.

## Manners and Customs.

### CHRISTMAS FARE.

[At this jocund season, we cannot better consult the entertainment of our readers than by commending to their notice *The Book of Christmas*, by Mr. T. K. Hervey, the Poet, with illustrations by the late Mr. Seymour. This volume is full of the "customs, ceremonies, traditions, superstitions, fun, feeling, and festivities of the Christmas season." In it we find all the best lore of Christmas, not in lumps, like suet in an ill-made pudding, but *minced*, and encased in a light *patissier* of poetical and proper feeling of reverence for the olden observances of this season. Happily for his task, Mr. Hervey has little of the march-of-intellect man in his composition, though he be of clay etherealized by genius and poetry: he does not propose to substitute the gas and lime light for that of Christmas candles, nor would he lengthen the shortest day by inflicting on his company a cut-and-dried lecture on the profit of a little knowledge, or the peril of ignorance. But he falls into the Christmas pleasure of cutting and carving from antiquity, and setting the results in very attractive metal; though, by way of introduction, we have a charming chapter of poetical prose exclusively from his own pen. We quote its conclusion:—]

### *The Revels of merry England*

are fast subsiding into silence, and her many customs wearing gradually away. The affections and frivolities of society, as well as its more grave and solemn pursuits,—the exigencies of fashion, and the tongue of the pedagogue,—are alike arrayed against them; and, one by one, they are retreating from the great assemblies, where mankind "most do congregate," to hide themselves in remote solitudes and rural nooks. In fact, that social change which has enlarged and filled the towns, at the expense of the country,—which has annihilated the yeomanry of England, and drawn the estate gentleman from the shelter of his ancestral oaks, to live upon their produce in the haunts of dissipation,—has been, in itself the circumstance most unfavourable to the existence of many of them, which delight in by-ways and sheltered



places,—which had their appropriate homes in the old manor-house, or the baronial hall. Yet do they pass lingeringly away. Traces of most of them still exist, and from time to time re-appear, even in our cities and towns; and there are, probably, scarcely any which have not found some remote district or other of these islands, in which their influence is still acknowledged, and their rites are duly performed. There is something in the mind of man which attaches him to ancient superstitions, even for the sake of their antiquity,—and endears to him old traditions, even because they are old. We cannot readily shake off our reverence for that which our fathers have revered so long, even where the causes in which that reverence originated are not very obvious or not very satisfactory. We believe that he who shall aid in preserving the records of these vanishing observances, ere it be too late, will do good and acceptable service in his generation; and such contribution to that end as we have in our power, it is the purpose of these volumes to bestow. Of that taste for hunting out the obsolete, which originates in the mere, dry spirit of antiquarianism, or is pursued as a display of gladiatorial skill in the use of the intellectual weapons, we profess ourselves no admirers. But he who pursues in the track of a receding custom, which is valuable, either as an historical illustration, or because of its intrinsic beauty, moral or picturesque, is an antiquarian of the beneficent kind; and he who assists in restoring observances which had a direct tendency to propagate a feeling of brotherhood and a spirit of benevolence, is a higher benefactor still. Right joyous festivals there have been amongst us, which England will be none the merrier—and kindly ones, which she will be none the better—for losing. The following pages will give some account of that season, which has, at all times, since the establishment of Christianity, been most crowded with observances, and whose celebration is still the most conspicuous and universal with us, as well as throughout the whole of Christendom.

[From the chapter on the Christmas season, we extract this amusing summary of]

#### *Olden Christmas.*

From the first introduction of Christianity into these islands, the period of the Nativity seems to have been kept as a season of festival, and its observance recognised as a matter of state. The Wittengemots of our Saxon ancestors were held, under the solemn sanctions and beneficent influences of the time; and the series of high festivities established by the Anglo-Saxon kings appear to have been continued, with yearly increasing splendour and multiplied ceremonies, under the monarchs of the Norman race. From the court, the spirit of revelry descended, by all its thousand arteries,

throughout the universal frame of society,—visiting its furthest extremities and most obscure recesses, and everywhere exhibiting its action, as by so many pulses, upon the traditions and superstitions and customs which were common to all, or peculiar to each. The pomp and ceremonial of the royal observance were imitated in the splendid establishments of the more wealthy nobles; and more faintly reflected from the diminished state of the petty baron. The revelries of the baronial castle found echoes in the hall of the old manor-house,—and these were, again, repeated in the tapestried chamber of the country magistrate, or from the sanded parlour of the village inn. Merriment was, everywhere, a matter of public concernment; and the spirit which assembles men in families now, congregated them by districts then.

Neither, however, were the feelings wanting which connected the superstitions of the season with the tutelage of the roof-tree, and mingled its ceremonies with the sanctities of home. Men might meet in crowds to feast beneath the banner of the baron,—but the mistletoe hung over each man's own door. The black-jacks might go round in the hall of the lord of the manor,—but they who could, had a wassail-bowl of their own. The pageantries and high observances of the time might draw men to common centres, or be performed on a common account,—but the flame of the Yule-log roared up all the individual chimneys of the land. Old father Christmas, at the head of his numerous and uproarious family, might ride his goat through the streets of the city and the lanes of the village,—but he dismounted to sit, for some few moments, by each man's hearth; while some one or another of his merry sons would break away, to visit the remote farm-houses, or show their laughing faces at many a poor man's door. For be it observed, this worthy old gentleman and his kind-hearted children were no respecters of persons. Though trained to courts, they had ever a taste for a country life. Though accustomed, in those days, to the tables of princes, they sat freely down at the poor man's board. Though welcomed by the peer, they showed no signs of superciliousness, when they found themselves cheek-by-jowl with the pauper. Nay, they appear even to have preferred the less exalted society; and to have felt themselves more at ease in the country mansion of the private gentleman than in the halls of kings. Their reception in those high places was accompanied, as royal receptions are apt to be, by a degree of state repugnant to their frank natures; and they seem never to have been so happy as when they found themselves amongst a set of free and easy spirits, whether in town or country,—unrestrained by the punctilios of etiquette,—who had the

privilege of laughing just when it struck them to do so, without inquiring wherefore, or caring how loud.

Then, what a festival they created! The land rang with their joyous voices; and the frosty air steamed with the incense of the good things provided for their entertainment. Every body kept holiday but the cooks; and all sounds known to the human ear seemed mingled in the merry psœan, save the gobble of the turkeys. *There were no turkeys*—at least they had lost their "most sweet voices." The turnspits had a hard time of it, too. That quaint little book which bears the warm and promising title of "Round about our Coal Fire," tells us that "by the time dinner was over, they would look as black and as greasy as a Welch porridge-pot." Indeed the accounts of that time dwell, with great and savoury emphasis, upon the prominent share which eating and drinking had in the festivities of the season. There must have been sad havoc made amongst the live stock. That there are turkeys at all, in our days, is only to be accounted for upon the supposition of England having been occasionally replenished with that article from the east; and our present possession of geese must be explained by the well-known impossibility of extinguishing the race of the goose. It is difficult to imagine a consumption equal to the recorded provision. Men's gastronomic capacities appear to have been enlarged for the occasion,—as the energies expand to meet great emergencies. "The tables," says the same racy authority above quoted, "were all spread from the first to the last; the sirloins of beef, the minc'd-pies, the plumb-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plumb-puddings, were all brought upon the board; and all those who had sharp stomachs and sharp knives, ate heartily and were welcome, which gave rise to the proverb

"Merry in the hall, when beards wag all!"

[Talking of Turkeys reminds us that—] Norfolk must be a noisy county. There must be a "pretty considerable deal" of gabble, towards the month of November, in that English Turkistan. But what a silence must have fallen upon its farm-yards, since Christmas has come round! Turkeys are indisputably born to be killed. That is an axiom. It is the end of their training,—as it ought to be, (and, in one sense, certainly is,) of their desires. And, such being the destiny of this bird, it may probably be an object of ambition with a respectable turkey, to fulfil its fate, at the period of this high festival. Certain it is, that, at no other time, can it attain to such dignities as belong to the turkey who smokes on the well stored table of a Christmas dinner—the most honoured dish of all the feast. Something like

an anxiety for this promotion is to be inferred from the breathless haste of the turkey of which our artist has here given us a sketch,—in its pursuit of the coach which has started for London, without it. The picture is evidently a portrait. There is an air of verisimilitude in the eager features, and about the action altogether, of the bird, which stamps it genuine. In its anxiety, it has come off, without even waiting to be killed;—and, at the rate after which it appears to be travelling, is, we think, likely enough to come up with a heavily laden coach. We hope, however, that it is not in pursuit of the particular coach which we have seen on its way to the "Swan with two Necks;" because we verily believe there is no room on that conveyance for a single additional turkey,—even if it should succeed in overtaking it.

The average weight given for each turkey, of the number and gravity of those birds sent up to London from Norfolk, during two days of a Christmas, some years ago—is nearly twelve pounds; but what is called a fine bird, in Leadenhall Market, weighs, when trussed, from eighteen to one or two-and-twenty pounds,—the average price of which may be stated at twenty shillings; and prize turkeys have been known to weigh more than a quarter of a hundred weight.

#### Sports of the Season.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, mentions as the winter amusements of his day,— "Cardes, tables and dice, shovelboard, chess-play, the philosopher's game," small trunks, shuttlecock, billiards, musicks, masks, singing, dancing, ule-games, frolics, jests, riddles, catches, purposes, questions and commands, merry tales of errant knights, queenes, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, theeves, cheaters witches, fayries, goblins, friers," &c. Amongst the list of Christmas sports, we, elsewhere, find mention of "jugglers and jack-puddings, scrambling for nuts and apples, dancing the hobby-horse, hunting owls and squirrels, the fool-plough, hot cockles, (a stick moving on a pivot, with an apple at one end and a candle at the other, so that he who missed his bite burned his nose), blindman's buff, forfeits, interludes and mock-plays;"—also of "thread my needle, Nan,"—"he can do little that can't do this," feed the dove, hunt the slipper, shoeing the wild mare, post and pair, snap-dragon, the gathering of omens,—and a great variety of others. In this long enumeration, our readers will recognise many which have come down to the present day, and form still the amusement of their winter evenings, at the Christmas-tide, or on the merry night of Halloween. For an account of many of those which are no longer to be found in the list of holiday-games, we must refer such of our



(Too late for the coach.)

readers as it may interest to Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, and Strutt's *English Sports*. A description of them would be out of place here; and we have mentioned them only as confirming a remark which we have elsewhere made; viz.—that in addition to such recreations as arise out of the season, or belong to it in a special sense,—whatever other games or amusements have, at any time, been of popular use, have generally inserted themselves into this lengthened and joyous festival; and that all the forms in which mirth or happiness habitually sought expression, congregated, from all quarters, at the ringing of the Christmas bells.

To the Tregotours, or jugglers, who anciently made mirth at the Christmas fireside, there are several allusions in Chaucer's tales: and Aubrey, in reference thereto, mentions some of the tricks by which they contributed to the entertainments of the season. The exhibitions of such gentry, in modern times,

are generally of a more public kind,—and it is rarely that they find their way to our firesides. But we have still the galantee-showman, wandering up and down our streets and squares,—with his musical prelude and tempting announcement, sounding through the sharp, evening air,—and summoned into our warm rooms, to display the shadowy marvels of his mysterious box, to the young group who gaze in great wonder and some awe, from their inspiring places by the cheerful hearth.

[Of the Illustrations we have left ourselves but little room to notice as they merit. They are—Christmas and his Children, including an imp with the Wassail Bowl, and Sir Loin with his banner; Heads of the family, a comely group; Merry Christmas to you, very characteristic; Old Christmas on a Goat, with the Wassail Bowl; the Baronial Hall, clever; Mummers; Enjoying Christmas; the Old English Gentleman's Gate, from the old



(Galantee Show.)



song; Snapdragon, effective; the Wassail Bowl; Country Church, on Christmas Morning, "something like a Christmas-day;" Family Congratulation, a school-girl and her grandam; Coming Home from School; Norfolk Couch at Christmas; Bringing Home Christmas, a cart of evergreens; the Mistletoe Bough,—the figures behind the door are excellent; Waits, a laughable street scene; Country Carol Singers, at Dr. Primrose's gate, a pretty group; London Carol Singers, another school of music; the Lord of Misrule; St. Thomas's Day, a burlesque on the franchise; Story-telling, a group of other times; Christmas Pantomime, good; Market, Christmas Eve; Christmas Eve; Christmas Pudding—the cook lifting it into the copper; Bringing in the Boar's Head, at the Inner Temple; Christmas Dinner—the interesting moment of cutting the Pudding; Boxing Day; Seeing in the New Year—a jovial party half seas over; Happy New Year—a pair of Characters; Twelfth Night King, a substantial fiction; the Pastry Cook's Window; Drawing King and Queen; St. Dystaff's Day, a scene of rustic romp; and Returning to School, a rainy finish.

#### CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

You are invited, (says Mr. Laing, in his entertaining *Residence in Norway*.) by a list carried round by a man on horseback, and, opposite to your name, you put down that you accept or decline. You are expected about four o'clock, long after dinner, for which twelve or one is the usual hour. The stranger who will take the trouble to come early will be much gratified, for there is nothing on the Continent so pretty as the arrival of a sledge party. The distant jingling of the bells is heard, before anything can be seen through the dusk and snow; and sounds rapidly approaching is one of the most pleasing impressions on our senses. Then one sledge seems to break as it were through the cloud, and is followed by a train of twenty or thirty, sweeping over the snow. The spirited action of the little horses, with their long manes and tails, the light and elegant form of the sledges appearing on the white ground, the ladies wrapt in their furs and shawls, the gentlemen standing behind driving in their wolf-skin pelisses, the master of the house and the servants at the door with candles, form a scene particularly novel and pleasing. Coffee and tea are handed round to each person on arrival; and the company walk about the room and converse. After the party is all assembled, the Millemmaalid, or middle repast, is brought in. This is a tray with slices of bread and butter, anchovies, slices of tongue, of smoked meat, of cheese; and every one helps himself as he walks about. The gentlemen generally take a

glass of spirits at this repast, which is a regular meal in every family. The gentlemen then sit down to cards. I have not seen a lady at a card-table. The games usually played are boston, ombre, shervenzel, which seems a complicated sort of piquet, and three-card loo. The stakes are always very small. Those of the elderly gentlemen, who do not play, light their pipes and converse. The younger generally make out a dance, or have singing and music—usually the guitar—with an occasional waltz, or gallopade, or polka; a national dance much more animated than the waltz. Nor are handsome young officers wanting, in moustaches and gay uniforms, who would not touch tobacco or spirits for the world, and seem to know how to act the agreeable. Punch is handed about very frequently, as it is not customary to drink anything at or after supper. The supper is almost invariably the same. A dish of fish, cut into slices, is passed from one guest to another, and each helps himself. The lady of the house generally walks down behind the company, and sees that each is supplied. After the fish is discussed, the plate is taken away, and one finds a clean plate under it; the knife and fork are wiped by a servant, and the next dishes begin their rounds. They consist always, in this district, of reindeer venison, capercaillie (the male of which is as large as a turkey, the female so remarkably smaller that it passes by a different name, Tiur or Tiddur signifying the male, and Roer the female); also black cock and ptarmigan. These are cut into pieces, laid on a dish, and passed round; and the dish is followed by a succession of sauces or preserved berries, such as the Moltebeer, which is the *Rubus chamaemorus* of botanists, the Ackerbeer (*Rubus arcticus*), the Tyttebeer (*Vaccinium vitis idæa*). These are such very good things, that there is no difficulty in acquiring a taste for them. A cake concludes the supper. The lady of the house scarcely sits down to table, but carves, walks about behind the chairs, and attends to the supply of the guests. This is the custom of the country; she would be ill-bred to do otherwise. It is not from want of servants, for every house is full of neat, handy maidens. They approach much more nearly to the nice, quiet, purpose-like English girls than the Scotch. All the people seem to be feasting and making merry during these fourteen days of Yule. The country at night seems illuminated by the numerous lights twinkling from the houses of the peasant proprietors. The Christmas cheer with them is exactly the same as with others: ale, brandy, cakes, venison, game, veal, and pork. The servants have their full share in these festivities. In this farm-house, I observed their table set out as nicely, and with exactly

the same provisions, as that of the family, during the whole fourteen days; and in the evenings they sing national songs and dance. The herdboys in, *ex officio*, the musician on every farm. When he is attending the cattle in summer at the seater, or distant hill pastures, he must make a noise occasionally to keep off the wolf; and that of the clarionet is as good as any. It seems the favourite instrument, and is generally played well enough for the servant girls to dance waltzes and gallopades to it. I was surprised to see them dance so well; but in their roomy houses they have, from infancy, constant practice during the winter evenings.

#### OTAHITI.

THE sovereign and his consort, (says a recent traveller,) always appeared on men's shoulders, and travelled in this manner wherever they journeyed on land. They were seated on the neck or shoulders of their bearers, who were generally stout, athletic men. The persons of these men, in consequence of their office, were regarded as sacred. The individuals thus elevated, appeared to sit with ease and security, holding slightly by the head of their bearers, who, when they travelled, proceeded at a tolerably rapid pace, frequently at the rate of six miles an hour. A number of attendants ran by the side of the bearers, or followed in their train; and when the men who carried the royal personages grew weary, they were relieved by others. The king and queen were always accompanied by several pairs of sacred men or bearers, and the transit from the shoulders of one to those of another, at the termination of an ordinary stage, was accomplished with the greatest dispatch.

W. G. C.

#### KOORDS.

THE following description of the feats of the Koordish swordsmen, is given by Mr. Rich in his *Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan*:—A roll of felt, forty folds thick, was dipped in water and suspended by a string. Osman Bey took the first cut, and, at an easy blow, severed the roll in two. Suliman Bey, who is a pleasing young man, followed, and did the same. Azeer Aga came next, and was equally successful. Another felt was suspended, which Osman Bey cut through to within three or four folds. Azeer Aga and Suliman Bey also failed in cutting it quite through. Osman Bey then took another cut, but by this time he was nervous, and performed worse than before. Azeer Aga then took one of the sections of the felt, which he extended, and placing it on the ground, cut it through at a blow. His brother, Abdurrahman, did the same. This I thought a greater feat than cutting through the suspended felt. The Bey asked me, if this was

not better than our system. I told him it would do very well, provided the adversary stood to be cut at like a roll of felt; but I showed him how, if he missed his cut, he was entirely at the mercy of an opponent who knew the use of his weapon, according to our method. He seemed convinced at last that there was some truth in what I said, but Azeer Aga would not allow the superiority of our system.

W. G. C.

### Spirit of Discovery.

NEW FACTS REPORTED TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

(Continued from page 380.)

#### Steam Communication with America and India.

A VARIETY of interesting communications were made to the Association by Dr. Lardner, on the subject of Steam Communication with America and with India—both subjects, at the present moment, of great public interest, and the former especially, at Bristol, where a company has been formed for the express purpose of navigating steam vessels directly, and by a single voyage, between that port and New York; and who are at present building a vessel of 1,200 tons for that purpose. This subject he introduced in the Section of Mechanics, in a speech of which the following correct report is given in the *Times*:—

The very circumstance of the present and pressing interest which was felt upon this subject of steam communication to distant parts of the world—the fact that already considerable investment of capital had been made in such speculations—these were circumstances which would somewhat embarrass them in arriving at a safe and certain conclusion, because it would be obvious that they would, more or less, engender in the minds of a considerable portion, prejudices which would be liable to bias their judgment, unless they used a good deal of self-control, and brought with it the exercise of their own judgment. He would, therefore, beg of every one, and more especially of those who had a direct interest in the inquiry, to dismiss from their minds all previously-formed judgments about it, and more especially upon this question to be guarded against the conclusion of mere theory; for if there was one point in practice, of a commercial nature, which more than another required to be founded on experience, it was this one, of extending steam navigation to voyages of extraordinary length.

Dr. Lardner said he was aware that since the question had arisen in this city, it had been stated that his own opinion was adverse to it; that impression was totally wrong; but he did feel, that as steps had been taken to try this experiment, great caution should be used in the adoption of the means of carrying it into effect. Almost all depended on a first

attempt, for a failure would much retard the ultimate consummation of their wishes. He believed those in the section who knew him would readily acquit him of being forward to question the power of steam. He tendered the most unqualified allegiance to the sovereignty of steam, but he tendered the allegiance of a free and thinking subject to a constitutional monarch. He did not bow before the power of steam as an abject slave, and if he found a failure in the administration of that power, he attributed it entirely to the ministers. It was necessary they should devise some means of determining the locomotive duty of coals. It was a question to which he had devoted a good deal of time, and the only method he had been able to devise had been to determine the consumption of fuel per hour. He had made extensive observations, and he considered you must place 15 lbs. of coal per hour for every horse. Mr. Watt some time since established a series of experiments with the view of determining the relative consumption of fuel, and the result was this—that the consumption of fuel under the marine-boilers was one-third less than under the land-boilers.

A committee of the House of Commons, some time since, had to determine the expediency of opening a long steam-communication with India, and much evidence was given. In one case, the opinion was 8 lbs.; in another, 9 lbs.; and another 11 lbs. They would take nine months. And then came the question of speed. They were all well aware that there had been for some years in operation a line of steamers by Falmouth and Corfu; they touched at Gibraltar. On an average of fifty-one voyages, the rate at which they made their trips was noted, and the result was seven miles and a quarter per hour. They had, therefore, the conclusion, that the locomotive duty of 9 lbs. of coals were seven miles and a quarter of distance. If, therefore, 9 lbs. gave seven miles and a quarter in distance, one ton would give 1,900 miles for every horse power. Then they must look for average weather; the build of the vessel was such that they had not space to try more than 1½ ton of coals for every horse power. Almost all the vessels with which the experiments had been made had the patent paddle-wheels, and they had been worked with the best coals.

The next question was, what modification the vessel must undergo when applied to steam-communication with the United States. In the Atlantic there were westerly winds which prevailed almost continually, and were extremely violent, and attended with a great swell of the sea; but it was an astronomical phenomenon which was very well understood. The outward voyage of the great packet-ships was generally estimated at forty days, the homeward voyage at twenty days, so that

the entire voyage occupied sixty days. If, then, they assumed that the average of outward and homeward voyages to the United States corresponded with the average weather between Falmouth and Corfu, then they would arrive at this conclusion,—that the outward voyage was worse than the average in the proportion of four to three. If the locomotive duty of coals provided for the voyage between Falmouth and Corfu was 1,900 miles for a ton per horse power, they must deduct from that thirty-three per cent.: in order to get what the duty would be on the outward voyage to New York, you must take a third from 1,900, and you would have 1,300 miles. By the direct line from Bristol to New York, the distance was 3,500 miles; if you allowed one ton of coals for every 1,300 miles per horse power, the vessel would require to carry two tons and one-third for every horse power in her engine: therefore this vessel must carry nearly three times the whole complement the Admiralty steamers could carry. Let them take a vessel of 1,600 tons, provided with 400 horse power engines; they must take two and a third tons for each horse power, the vessel must have 1,348 tons of coal, and to that add 400 tons, and the vessel must carry a burden of 1,748 tons. He thought it would be a waste of time, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York, for in this case 2,080 miles was the largest run a steamer could encounter; at the end of that distance she would require a relay of coals.

The question then became a geographical one, as to the best mode of accomplishing this. There were two ways which might be proposed; one to make the Azores an intermediate station, and to proceed from thence to New York; the other would be to proceed to some point in Newfoundland, and make that an intermediate station. The distance from Bristol to the Azores was 1,300 miles, and from the Azores to New York 2,400 miles, being twenty per cent more than the steam-limit he had mentioned. There was a point called Sydney, in Cape Breton, where there were coal-mines worked to a profit by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, but then that was 2,300 miles; but if we took our final departure from some place upon the western coast of Ireland, and there charged the vessel with coals, the distance to Sydney would be only 1,900 miles. The railroad system might be established in Ireland, which would be a benefit in more ways than one. London and all the southern section of the country would pour in their produce and population by the railway to Bristol. Dr. Lardner concluded, by counselling those who proposed to invest capital in this most interesting enterprise, to keep in mind certain points to which he would direct their attention. 1st. He would

advise that the measured tonnage should correspond with the tonnage by displacement. 2nd. To go to an increased expense in using the best coals. 3rd. He would earnestly impress upon them the expediency of adopting the paddle-wheels shown in the section yesterday. 4th. He advised the proportion of one to four on the proper tonnage. 5th. He would impress upon them the expediency of giving more attention in the selection of engineers and stokers; it was a matter of the last importance, and a saving of 30 to 40 per cent. With respect to the boilers, he would recommend copper ones, and, he advised that the coal-boxes should be tanked.

A second communication of great interest as it regards this subject was made by Dr. Lardner, to the Section of Statistics, from which it appeared, that the intercommunication between places which have up to this time been connected by railroads, has, in every case which has been investigated, been increased in the proportion of four to one. Three cases, in which the data have been supplied, gave all of them this result. Before the completion of the railroad, twenty-six coaches plied between Manchester and Liverpool, and carried, on an average, 400 passengers daily; the railway has been in operation since 1828, and the average number of passengers carried every day by it, has been more than 1,600. A second case was that of the railroad between Newcastle and Hexham; before its completion, the returns gave a communication of 1,700 persons passing between these by coaches; the first ten months of the railroad gave 7,060, being as before, in the ratio of four to one. The third case is that of the railroad from Dublin to Kingstown, which carries now an average of 3,900 persons daily; whereas, before its establishment, there were carried between the two places an average of only 800 persons daily.

### New Books.

#### THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

(Concluded from page 312.)

[WITH another page or two of pleasant, gossiping reminiscences, we conclude our extracts from this very entertaining work.]

*A London Newspaper.*

There are some people who never think of looking into the advertisement columns of a journal, at all. To me, on the contrary, the advertisements of a London newspaper constitute the most interesting part of its contents. If you would study human nature under circumstances most favourable for an accurate judgment, go by all means to the advertisements of a London newspaper. There you will find it exhibited under all its varied phases. Advertisements are infinitely better instructors, as to the

opinions, habits, and tendencies of the human mind, than the works of our most profound philosophers. The latter only describe human nature speculatively: in the advertising columns of a London newspaper, you see it practically exemplified. I take a morning paper of the 20th of June,—the day on which I write this,—and what do I find in the department filled with advertisements? Were I to attempt to do justice to these advertisements, it would take up a volume as large as the one now in the hands of the reader. Let me glance at a few of these advertisements. My eye first rests on a column in which I find no fewer than eighteen governesses all wanting situations. A governess! In most cases the term is but another name for slavery and indignity combined. I can easily perceive, from the tone which pervades their advertisements, that these young, unprotected creatures, are, in the majority of cases, the daughters of men who have moved in a respectable sphere of life, but have either been reduced in circumstances, or been removed by death; and therefore they are obliged to support themselves. I can also easily perceive that they are of a modest and retiring disposition, and that nothing but dire necessity compels them to appear in the columns of a newspaper. There are, however, exceptions to every rule; and, among the advertisements to which I refer, I observe one young Miss, who has the most exalted notions of her own qualifications, ten times as great, I will answer for it, as the mother of the daughters whom she may be employed to teach, will have when she has had two or three months' trial of her. She is, taking her own word for it, perfectly mistress of the French, German, Italian, and all modern languages,—which she speaks with the purity of the natives. Her musical talents are not to be surpassed; and, in drawing, she is perfectly unrivalled. To crown all, she is of a most amiable disposition. Conceit, the ruling passion, is as strong in the dozen lines her advertisement occupies, as it were possible it could be made appear in that limited space. In the immediate vicinity of this advertisement I find another, intimating that "A French governess is wanted. No English lady need apply." Here is stupidity. What *English* lady would think of applying when a *French* one was wanted. Farther down the column, I observe that a gardener and his wife are wanted. The latter must not be under forty-five years of age, and there must be no "encumbrance." Encumbrance, it may be right to mention, here means children. What comes next? "Mr. Morgan has removed from 42, Davies-street, to 24, Baker-street!" Behold the aristocratic disposition! Theophrastus would have sought no better proof of Mr. Morgan being a man of a proud and haughty mind.

He is a surgeon, but he is ashamed of his profession; and yet he is so poor, that he must inform his patients of the place to which he has removed, lest they should not take the trouble to inquire, and he be consequently deprived of the privilege of *bleeding* them. I use the word in a double sense. His pride will not allow him to convey the intimation in the courteous terms becoming his dependent condition. It would be a sad shock to his imaginary dignity to use the words, "Bega leave respectfully to announce," &c.—"M. C. wants a place as house-maid, where a footman is kept!" The plain English of this is, that Mary wants a husband, not a place. However, she will accept the latter, to pave the way for the former; but she will take care that no situation "suit" her where the footman is married. Immediately below the notification of the housemaid, is another to the effect, that "A respectable young woman, aged thirty, wants a situation as cook!" Here we have the proverbial reluctance of a single female to acknowledge her real age after she has passed her twenty-fifth year. Molly is forty years of age, though she sets herself down as only thirty. I am perfectly certain, that if I knew any one who had been acquainted with her for the last ten years,—that person would say, if appealed to on the subject, as Fontenelle did in the case of the French lady, under similar circumstances,—that he could not deny she was thirty, having constantly heard her say so for the last ten years. And yet, observe, she calls herself "young." Yes, but who ever heard an unmarried female admit the applicability of the term "old" to her. Next comes "a good cook" in quest of a situation. She is "a woman of sober habits!" As she mentions no other good quality but that of her sobriety, it is as clear as any proposition in Euclid, that she is a confirmed tippler—a frequenter of the gin-palaces, and in all probability a native of Ireland. Some one has got a capital set of chambers to let in Furnival's Inn; "for particulars apply at the porter's lodge!" It is manifest as the noonday sun, that the advertiser is a parsimonious man. He will not even give the "particulars in general," as an Irishman would say, because it would put him to two or three shillings more expense. However, let him take his own way of it. He will find in the end, that he is one of the penny wise, pound foolish gentry. Had he stated something regarding his set of chambers, the chances were some one might have inquired after them; but who will trouble themselves to go and interrogate the porter on the subject? "Andrews and Co. have just published a Guide to persons commencing Housekeeping; to be had gratis, at their Complete Furnishing House, Finsbury-square." Here the ingenious and the cunning are blended

in equal proportions. "The Guide" means nothing more than a recommendatory list of the advertisers' own articles. Not only does "the Guide" recommend no article which they have not for sale, but you may stake your existence on it, that it strongly recommends as indispensable to a properly furnished house, *every* article which they have to dispose of. See, again, in the very next advertisement, or "ad." as the printers call them, the pompous and inflated address of the empiric. He cares not for pecuniary reward—not he; he is actuated by the noblest and most disinterested motives in announcing to you that he has for forty, or some other very lengthened term of years, been the means of annually restoring to life and happiness so many thousand human beings, when on the very brink of the grave, and when given up by all other physicians. It is from sheer humanity that he forces, if he can, his medicine down your throat, provided you will not be prevailed on to swallow it of your own accord. And there is no disease which he cannot cure. He undertakes to do everything short of restoring animation after the vital spark has fled. To throw you off your guard more completely as to his real character, he is sure to denounce all other professors of the healing art as "heartless pretenders." He thus traffics in humanity. He does not kill you by violent means in order that he may rob you; the law in that case would reach him; but without a compunctious visiting he will trifle with your life, and quietly administer his poison, till he has sent you to your grave, in order that he may extract a few pounds from you. Do you see that advertisement at the top of the second column, headed, "An Appeal to the Charitable and Humane," and containing a long detail of the calamities to which the advertiser has been subject? Take care, if you are your own friend, of your pockets. It is a thousand to one but it is either from Miss Zouch herself, or some one of the same class of persons.

But the enumeration of the various exhibitions of human nature, as given in the advertising columns of a London newspaper, were an endless task. To be sure, men often endeavour to throw a veil, by means of their advertisements, over their real characters; but the thing is so transparent that no man of the slightest discernment can be misled by it. The simple only are deceived. The man of penetration who will undertake the task of carefully perusing the advertising columns of a double sheet of "The Times," or "The Morning Herald," will, as already observed, get, as his reward, such an insight of human nature as he will look for in vain in the works of the most distinguished philosophers of whom the world can boast.



*Parliamentary Reporting.*

Complaints are also occasionally made by members, that their speeches are not reported *verbatim*. Pretty speeches, in that case, would some of their orations appear! The plan of giving *verbatim* reports was once tried by Dr. Stoddart, now Sir John Stoddart, when he conducted "The New Times." The result of the experiment was such as ought to prevent any one calling for *verbatim* reports in future. The members made downright fools of themselves, and set the public a laughing from one end of the country to the other. Lord Castlereagh exhibited himself as "*standing prostrate* at the foot of Majesty," and as "*walking forward* with his back turned on himself." Sir Frederick Flood, one of the Irish members, and a great stickler for *verbatim* reports, appeared one morning as having on the previous evening enlightened and delighted the House with the following profound philosophy and brilliant eloquence:—"Mr. Spaker,—As I was coming down to this House to perform my duty to the country and ould Ireland, I was brutally attacked, sir, by a mob, Mr. Spaker, of ragamuffins, sir. If, sir, any honourable gentleman is to be assaulted, Mr. Spaker, by such a parcel of spalpeens, sir, as were after attacking me, Mr. Spaker, then I say, Mr. Spaker, that if you do not, Mr. Spaker, be after protecting gentleman, like myself, sir, we cannot be after coming to the House of Parliament at all at all, Mr. Spaker. And sir, may I be after axing you, sir, what, sir, would become, sir, of the bisness of the country, Mr. Spaker, in such a case, Mr. Spaker? Will you, sir, be after answering myself that question, Mr. Spaker? It's myself that would like an answer, sir, to the question, sir, as soon as convanient, sir, which I have asked you, Mr. Spaker."

This proved a complete extinguisher to Sir Frederick Flood's *penchant* for *verbatim* reporting. He went, the day on which his oration appeared, to the editors of all the morning papers, and said he would thereafter leave his speeches to "the discretion of the reporters."

In the last House the reporters' room was immediately adjoining the gallery for the public. The reporters were in consequence everlastingly annoyed by "strangers" asking the way to it. On one occasion, in the session of 1834, a farmer-looking person, the very *beau ideal*, I can fancy, of one of Cobbett's "clodpoles" after having been told the way into the gallery by one of the reporters, inquired whether he should stand or sit when he went in. "What you must do," said the reporter, who had been a good deal annoyed by "strangers" a little before, "what you must do is constantly to bow as low as possible to the Speaker, whom you

will see in the chair, 'at the other end, and when he observes you, and makes a nod, you may then sit down."

The poor simple countryman did as he was desired. On entering the gallery he bowed as low and unremittingly to the Speaker as if a Chinese mandarin, to the great amusement of the other "strangers," who wondered what it "was all about;" but still no nod of recognition from the man, as he called him, with the "big wig." The poor fellow did not, in parliamentary phraseology, "catch the Speaker's eye." At length, one of the officers, observing the stranger paying his obeisance to Mr. Speaker, ordered him to be seated; an order with which, though given in a very surly manner, he very promptly and cheerfully complied.

*Notes of a Reader.*

DR. PRIESTLEY.

(From *Finch's Travels in the United States and Canada*.)

[AFTER visiting various parts of the United States and Canada, Mr. Finch bent his way to Northumberland, on the Susquehanna. He arrived at this town at noon, and inquired for the mansion and tomb of Dr. Priestley. The following remarks are interesting:—]

In his youth he had to struggle with many difficulties.

"Fortisque adversis opposita pectora rebus."

When thirty years of age he was minister of a small, country church, with a salary of twenty-five pounds sterling a-year; a hesitation in his speech, which prevented his being a popular preacher, and his sentiments of religious truth were opposed. He had to contend with disease, poverty, and persecution.

What had he to support him in this forlorn and desolate situation? His dependence was upon God, whom his enemies said he contemned; and that love of science which often renders its votary superior to evils which would crush other men. He was content if he could procure a few tests for his chemical experiments, or glass for an electrical machine. His first experiments were made with an apparatus that cost a few shillings, and by its means the world was made acquainted with the different parts of the atmosphere.

Fortune began to be tired of persecuting a man who felt not her frowns, and his advancing age saw him gradually emerge from the clouds which seemed to envelope him.

His finances became more favourable, and he finally enjoyed affluence.

He was chosen a member of the most distinguished learned societies of the age.

He lived to see his religious opinions adopted by numerous churches.

He acquired honourable fame.

He enjoyed the truest happiness that human life can afford—the society of those elevated by talent and virtue to a high station in society. He was the intimate friend of Lindsey, Barbauld, and Aiken, of Price, Watt, and Keir; of Shelburne, Galton, and Franklin; of Cavendish, Lavoisier, and Jefferson.

The friend of those individuals must have been a happy and a distinguished man.

He corresponded with the scientific men of the century in which he lived.

I went to view his mansion, where the last few years of his life were passed. On the peaceful shore of the gentle Susquehanna he might congratulate himself,

"Di avere finalmente trovato un porto alla sua agitata fortuna."

The garden, orchard, and lawn, extend to the side of the river. A sun-dial, which still retains its station, was presented to Dr. Priestley by an eminent mathematician in London. Two large willow trees grow near the mansion; under their shade, he often enjoyed the summer evening breeze.

His laboratory is now converted into a house for garden-tools! the furnaces pulled down, the shelves uncoupled!—the floor covered with Indian corn! A stranger might be inclined to say,

"Sic transit gloria philosophi."

But, when the chemist, or the historian, or the philosopher, or the divine, examines the records of the various branches of learning in which they are skilled, then will his name be honoured. To this laboratory, the children from the school were accustomed to come, once a week, and he would amuse them with experiments.

The tomb of my grandfather, Dr. Priestley, is in the environs of the town, surrounded by a low wall. I knelt by my ancestor's tomb, and the perils of my pilgrimage were remembered with pleasure.

#### ENGLISH TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.

A MAN who wishes to make anything of travelling, ought to put all his prejudices in the lumber-room before he sets out, and if he finds them musty when he comes back, so much the better. On the road they are the most inconvenient part of his baggage, never useful, and always in the way. There are few people who adhere to their prejudices more strongly than the English. We are insular in more than geographical situation, and amongst the multitude of our countrymen, with the multitude of their feelings, character, and pursuits, one out of a thousand is not to be met with on the continent, who is not just as prejudiced as when he set out—perhaps more so; for, finding a strong confirmation of many of his precon-

ceived ideas, he takes it as a confirmation of all, and intrenches himself the more firmly in his original opinions.

It may seem like heresy to say it, but after having visited many countries, I am still inclined to think that France, in its various parts, notwithstanding its proximity to our own country, retains more points of interest, more of the *couleur locale*, than any other land. But an Englishman who travels to see France and French people, ought always to dine at the table d'hôte, wherever he finds one. The higher classes of all nations are too nearly alike to offer any very striking points of difference to a casual observer, for the general principle of all is to conceal what they feel and what they think, at least in public; but the mixture of a table d'hôte affords almost always something worth studying. It is in such circumstances that we find the most legible pages in the book of human nature.

The classes of Englishmen travelling in France are somewhat altered since Sterne's time. The economical traveller is not so simple as he was then: there are also travellers who go for luxury; there are travellers for novelty, there are travellers for information, and there are travellers who journey forth into the world from the mere necessity of locomotion. These last are very numerous amongst the English. One of this class, finding the disease coming on violently, builds himself a low carriage, with very substantial wheels, and plenty of room for his feet. He furnishes it with all the peculiar luxuries of London, strews the left-hand seat with novels: and placing himself in the interior, with his servant behind, draws up the windows, and fancies he is travelling through Europe. The profound meditations which he enjoys in the inside of his painted box, are seldom if ever interrupted, except when the carriage stops, and he asks "John, where am I?" The servant holds open the door, touches his hat, and replies, "At Rome, sir!" and the traveller, yawning, walks into the inn.—*The Desultory Man.*

#### The Gatherr.

*The Great Tree of Baykhere.*—From the middle of this valley rises this great tree, which has been, in latter times, an object of much curiosity to travellers, and represented greater than the *Castagna di Cento Cavali*. This is a *platanus* of tremendous size: it measures 47 yards in circumference at its base, and the branches afford shade to a circular area of 130! I assure you there is no exaggeration in this, for I measured it myself. This vast stem, however, divides into fourteen branches, some of which issue from below the present surface of the soil, and some do not divide till they rise 7 ft. or 8 ft.

above it. One of the largest is hollowed out by fire, and affords a cabin to shelter a husbandman. The tree, if it can be considered a single plant, is certainly the largest in the world. Among other travellers who notice it, is a Frenchman, who describes it, with some truth, as "un temple de verdure surmonté d'un dôme prêt à toucher les nues." When the Turks encamp in this valley, the hollow of this great tree affords a magnificent tent to the seraskier who commands them, with all his officers. But what renders the tree an object of more than usual interest is, that M. de Candolle conjectures that it must be more than 2,000 years old! Though it has become such an object of admiration to recent travellers, Gillies takes no notice of it, nor even Tournefort, whose botanical pursuits would naturally lead him to do so.—*Dr. Walsh's Residence at Constantinople.*

In a mosque in the island of Hinzuan, are four inscriptions to the following effect: The world was given us for our edification, not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings; life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleasurable indulgences; wealth, to be liberally bestowed, not avariciously hoarded; and learning, to produce good actions, not empty disputes. W. G. C.

**Bear-hunting**—The North American Indians, (says a recent writer,) respect the bear as an equal, though this does not prevent, but rather stimulates, to friendly combat. The Indian feels proud in subduing a bear; and instances are given of the successful combatant insulting and glorying over the vanquished, as if he were the conquered chief of an hostile tribe. A Delaware hunter, (says Mr. Heckewelder,) having shot a huge bear and broke its backbone, the animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry; when the hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him in the following manner:—"Hark ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs; perhaps at this very time you have hog's flesh in your den. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct." After the delivery of this curious invective, and the hunter had despatched the bear, Mr. Heckewelder asked him how he thought

the poor animal could understand what he said to it. "Oh!" answered the Indian, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?" W. G. C.

*By Lord Nugent.*

Take my laste gyfte, a sadd and sorrie one,  
For wee must parte!  
And, since our sunnie dayes of joy are gone,  
Nothinge to mee remaineth but a lone  
And broken harte!

One severed halfe I leave, sweete Love, to thee,  
A fitting token!  
Keepe itt and cheryshe itt wyth constancye,  
In memorye of that which styl wyth mee  
Bydeth, though broken!

—From the *Book of Beauty*, extracts from which, and other *Annals*, will be found in the *SUPPLEMENT* published with this Number.

**Malthusian Cat.**—We had a cat in our house, which ought to have belonged to Mr. Malthus. Her first litter of kittens was drowned, excepting one, which she brought up. Of the next litter, one was also preserved; but the cat had no further desire to experience the transports of maternal love: for the first time she saw the servant standing by a pail of water, she brought the kitten in her mouth, and laid it beside, looking up, as much as to say, "Put it in;" and from that time never would nurse it.—*Literary Gazette.*

**Christmas Plum-pudding.**—Chevalier d'Arvieux, in 1658, published the following account of the method of making plum-pudding in England:—"Their pudding was delectable. It is a compound of scraped biscuit, as flour, suet, currants, salt, and pepper, which are made into a paste, wrapped in a cloth, and boiled in a pot of broth; it is then taken out of the cloth, and put in a plate, and some old cheese is grated over it, which gives it an unbearable smell. Leaving out the cheese, the thing itself is not so very bad." J. H. F.

"According to Cocker."—By the way, what has become of Cocker's *Arithmetic*, the model of the *Tutors' Assistants* of the present day. The editor of the *Companion to the Almanac* says:—"It is not in the British Museum, and with the exception of a mutilated copy of the *thirty-seventh* edition, (A. D. 1720,) we never found it in London, either in a shop or on a stall."

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